Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affaires in hand: if they come ſhort.
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn a Gaunt* is very ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-houſe.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where

Where words are ſcarſe, they
For they breath truth, that br
He that no more muſt ſay, is
Then they whom youth and
More are mens ends mark'd
The ſetting Sunne, and mu
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes,
Writ in remembrance, more
Though *Richard* my lives c
My deaths ſad tale, may yet

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with oth
As prayſes of his ſtate: the
Lacivious Meeters, to wh
The open eares of youth d
Report of faſhions in proud
Whoſe manners ſtill our tar
Limpes after in baſe imitatio
Where doth the world thruſ
So it be new, there's no re
That is not quickly buzz'd i
That all too la[illegible] comes cou
Where will do[illegible] mutiny wi
Direct not him, whoſe way
Tis breath thou lackſt, and t

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a
And thus expiring doe for
His raſh fierce blaze of Ry
For violent fires ſoone burn
Small ſhoures laſt long, but
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs
With eager feeding food d
Light vanity, inſaitat corm
Conſuming meanes ſoone
This royall Throne of King
This earth of Majeſty, thi
This other Eden, demy P
This Fortres built by natu
Againſt infection, and the

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